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King Darius * Colwell edition

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Story of King Darius

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1565

[*B.M. Press-mark, C.* 34, *b.* 16]

Date of another Recently Discovered Edition also reproduced in this Series, 1577

[*B.M. Press-mark, C.* 34, *i.* 21]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 60]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Story of King Darius

1565

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Issued for Subscribers by

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LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

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1565a

The Story of King Darius

Another edition of this play, printed in 1577 *by Hugh Jackson, has already appeared in this series. It formed part of the famous "Irish find" of* 1906, *and at present it appears to be the only copy known of any impression other than the original of the present facsimile. Of Colwell's edition, examples may be found in several public and private collections: the British Museum possesses three copies (one imperfect), whilst others are recorded as at Magdalene College, Cambridge; at Chatsworth; at Bridgewater House, &c. &c.*

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original, reports the reproduction to be excellently done. There are, as usual, trifling instances of slight blurring; but none call for special mention. The paper is thin, and the printing of the original frequently shows through, making the text in some places somewhat blurred and indistinct. On the other hand I think it only right, on reflection, in justice to the photographer and reproducers, to add in proof that these "faults" are in some instances "reproduced most faithfully," and that some pages are "particularly good." Especial mention may be made of G. recto *and* verso, G. ii. recto, G. iii. verso, [G. iv.] recto.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A Pretie new Enterlude both pithie & pleasaunt of the Story of kyng Darius, Beinge taken out of the third and fourth Chapter of the thyrd booke of Esdras.

The names of the Players.

The Prologutor.

Iniquytie.	Charytie.
Importunytie.	Parcyalytie.
Equytie.	Darius kynge.
Agreable.	Perplexitie.
Preparatus.	Curyosytie.
Juda.	Persya.
Hedey.	Aethyopia.
Constancie.	Optymates.
Inagnostes.	Stipator primus.
Stipator secūdus.	Zorobabell.

Syxe persons may safely play it.

¶ IMPRYNTED AT LONDON IN FLETE-streat beneath the Conduite, at the sygne of S. John Euangelyst by Thomas Colwell.

Anno Domini. M.D.LXV. In October.

Here begynneth the worthy Enterlude of kynge Darius. Neuer before Imprynted.

The Prolocutor.

GOod people harke & geue eare a whyle,
For of thys Enterlude I wyll declare the style,
As Auctours heretofore haue thought it commodyous
The whole some of theyr matter before to dyscusse
So hath our Auctour thought it nesessary
By a Preface to declare thys Commody
To tell the matter I will now begyn
A certayne kynge(to you)we shall bryng in
Whose name was Darius(good and vertuous)
Of nature also both louyng and courtuous
Thys kynge commaunded a feast to be made
And at that banket many people had
These fyrst will I reherce, Percia and Medya,
And then Juda,and also Ethyopia,
These came to the kynges banket
And tooke such parte as before them was set,
With a glad mynde to that they were consented
And after to theyr owne roofes returned.
And when the kynge in counsayle was set
Two Lordes cõmaunded he to be fet
As consernyng matters of three ponge men
Whych bryefely shewed theyr fantasie then,
In writyngs theyr menyngs they dyd declare
And to gyue them to the kynge they dyd not spare
One wyth one thynge,nexte the other,

But the thyrd the trueth aboue all other.
You shall here anone how he is rewarded
And also for hys trueth well contented
As for the other it goeth ill wyth them
Because they dyssembled lyke wycked men.
Now the preface to you I haue declared
And of it also the effecte ye haue harde
Now syleuce I desyre you therfore
For the Vyce is entrynge at the doze.

The Prologue goeth out, & Iniquity cõmeth in.

Iniquytie.

HOw now my maisters, how goeth the world (now
I came gladly to talke with you
But softe, is there no body here
Truly I do not lyke thys gere,
I thought I should haue found sum bodie
Let me looke better yet I pray ye,
I am mad now to the sole of my foote
And they were here I wold lay them on the coote
A horson knaues haue you thus mee mocked
Suerly I will breake theyr hed,
Come no neare it were for you best
If you do, it shall not be for your rest.

Here entreth Charytie.

Charytye.

Holde thy hand I pray thee hartelie,
Of Charytie be content I pray thee.

Iniquytie.

Thou wilt not fyght I dare saye
Gyt thee awaye or I wyll thee slay,

Ha thou

Ha thou knaue, who made thee so bolde?
Thou lokest lyke an aunciant father and a olde
Who made thee come into my dominion?
Tell mee one thynge, how doth thy mynion?
I thynke surely it is a trym wenche and a feayre
How sayest thou, how lykest thou thys geare?

¶ Charytie.

Thy cõmunycatyon I lyke not trulye
Nor at all I set not by thy flatterye
It is very follie that thou doest saye
When to trust in theyr mad fancies alwaye
As for me I trust god hath geuen me the grace
All my ennemies clerely to deface.

¶ Iniquytie.

What art thou called? thy name tell to mee.

¶ Charytie

My name (I tell thee) is Charitie
Without the which no flesh can Justyfied bee.

¶ Iniquytie.

Yea, truly thou art an holy man
As is betweene this and Buckingham,
I pray thee tel me what meneth this word charity?
Because thou doest make it so holy.

¶ Charytie.

Peace man thou arte vnwyse,
Neuer a good thought canste thou deuyse,
For if thou couldest thus thou woldest not prate.

¶ Iniquytie.

Gyt thee away for thou shalt not be my mate
I wyll haue a better fellow then thou arte
Or by you all I wyll not set a farte.

¶ Charytie.

God hath cõmaunded one to loue another

Thy very ennemy as thy owne brother,
It is euen gods cõmaundement
To loue our foes with a good intent.
And who so dooth loue God aboue
With vnfayned and pure loue
And hys neyghbour as hym selfe also
Hym wyll god prosper in wealth and wo
For the Prophets requyre of vs no more,
But that a farnent loue wee keepe in store.

¶Iniquytie.

That I shall, I wyll kepe it faste.

¶Charytie.

What wilt thou keepe tell mee in haste:
For I thynke thou art a deceytfull person.

¶Iniquytie.

You bad I shuld kepe my money leaste it were
And I made my purse so close & so hard (gone
That it will not be lost. iii. halfpence I will ieo-
No, no, it will not come out agayne. (bard

¶Charytie.

O false Iniquytie I tell thee playne
That God will thee surely destroye,
Without other fauour or mercye
Easyer will it be I do tell thee
For a Gable rope to enter into a Nedles eye
Then for an vnrighteous & wycked mã I tel the
To enter into heauen at any tyme verelye,
Therfore thy folly do not vpholde
But it to leaue be thou bolde.

¶Iniquytie.

Be bolde it were not best for thee
To make any prattinge here at mee,
Therfore gyt thee quyckly awaye,

Or wyth my dagger I will thee kleave.

¶ Charytie.

Thy wordes ar nought and very foolyshe
I do not at all regarde them doubtlesse,
Thy wycked ennemy thou speakest lyke a foole.

¶ Iniquytie.

Syrs who is there that hath a stoole?
I will buy it for thys Gentleman
If you will take money come as fast as you can.

¶ Charytie.

I do not lyke verely thy companie
It were best for me to go from thee
Thys loue that wee haue ought to be so puer
On Justyce grounded, and on fayth suer,
But the loue that in thee doth appere
Is not worthe the valour of a heare
Semeth it neuer so much worthy prayse
In mens syght, yet it is to our owne decayes
It is abhominable before god trulye
And at all of hym not esteemed I tell thee.

¶ Iniquytie.

By my trouthe here is a good sporte
That thou hast made of me such a reporte
Thou horson knaue get thee awaye
Or I will deceyue thee with my subtyltie I saye,
If thou go not hence to thee it will be deathe
For in mee is neyther trust nor faythe.

¶ Charytie.

I thinke thou doest thinke as thou doest say
For by thy workes it doth appere alway
That thou doest neuer god regarde

Thy

Thy nature appereth to be so harde
O wycked feend and full of ill
With myscheife and flatery thou doest mee fyll
Saynct Paule to the Romaynes doth declare
To tell the sentence I wyll not spare,
Quis quiete siue charitate viuere potest.
In fewe wordes it is exprest,
If out of theyr place hyls I cold moue
I were nothing if I had no loue.
If to fede the poore, also my goods I did bestow
Had I no Charytie I were not worth a strawe.
By loue are wee knowen to bee,
The chyldren of Chryst in hys dyetye,
Therfore thou Iniquitie gyt thee hence.

¶ Iniquytie.

Nay fyrst will I thee recompence
It were best for the hence to be gone
Or suerly I will make thee grone.

¶ Charytie.

Sainct James also in his Epystle hath thys
who is a freind of the world, the ēnemy of god is
Saincte Paule also to the Romayns dclareth
That he that is without loue and fayth
Can neuer come to the kyngdome of God.

¶ Iniquytie.

Nay then I sweare by this Roode
It were not best for thee to tary
For if thou do I wyll slaye thee truly.

¶ Charytie.

Thys thy pratynge shall not make mee cease
It were best for thee to holde thy peace,
And obaye that whych I haue sayde:

And

And from these preceptes do not slyde
By these vayne gaudes do not set
For no profyte of them at all shalt thou get
¶ Iniquytie.
What hast thou to do with ỹ thou old knaue
Gyt thee awaye betimes or no grace thou shalte (haue.
¶ Charytie.
O dyssemblyng and flatteryng generation
God will you destroye, (o wycked nacyon)
In mouth you profesle gods holy name
But in your thoughtes you sure abuse the same:
Well, because thou art an vngodly person
I wil from thee away be gone. And goeth out.
¶ Iniquitie.
Ha, ha, ha, is it euen so,
By my trouth syr I am as glad as you
For at no rest at all could I bee
Whylst thou wast here wyth mee
Farewell Peter blowbowle I may wel call thee,
I marueil who they be I see commyng here
By the mouse foote I charge you to appere
May then I must needes make me readye
Or wyth me it wyll be wronge trulye,
Here Importunytie & Parcyalytie enter.
Whē one blow cōmeth on this side, another on ỹ
But I trow I cāfere the knaues wt my grānams
Pulle pulle, where art thou: come away. (Cat
¶ Importunytie.
Peace man, be of good cheare I say,
Thynkest thou wee with thee will fyght
No that we will not I sweare by this lyght.
¶ Parcyalytie.

Why dyd he, thynke we wolde do so?
No man we wyll not I warrand you
But who was it that was here of late.

¶ Iniquytie

And wilt thou nedes know, it was such a mate
As I could not fynde betwene thys and hell
It is no lye that I thee tell,
Hee dyd here so on me rayle
But I thynke I gaue hym a blowe with a foxe
So he was gone quyckly from mee (tayle
He durst tarye no longer in my companie.

¶ Inportunytie. (bread

Thou didest serue him well I sweare by thys
Thou shuldst haue payd hym about the head
I wold I had hym here for hys sake
I wolde haue made hym chaynes to rake.

¶ Daryalytie.

What was hys name? I pray thee tell mee.

¶ Iniquytie.

Hys name was mayster Charytie.

¶ Daryalytie.

If I had bene here I tell thee bywlle
I wold surely haue made hym to pylle
I yarde say he was such a clarke
which wold haue made my conscience very darke
But tell mee, how didst thou dryue hym awaye.

¶ Iniquytie.

yes yes, I dyd well ynoughe
I made the knaue gyt his lyuyng by the ploughe
Where he had one word, I had halfe a score
yea, and there had byn a few more,
Wyth the knaue had I thys cõmunycatyon

That

That at last I made a proclamatyon
That if any were found within my cure
Whych to Iniquytie and falshod wold not aluer
The same shuld dye wythout any remedy
The knaue hard that and got him away quickly
Thus dyd I handle the knaue
That no mercy at all of mee could he haue.

¶ Importunytie.

Mary and thou dydst serue hym well
Where is he now I pray thee canst thou tell.

¶ Iniquytie.

I thynke he be gone now to hell
I care not where he be, so he come no more here
How saiest thou knaue, how likest thou this gere

¶ Parcyalytie.

By my trouth thys gere doth me well please.
When thou hast hym let hym be at no ease.

¶ Iniquytie.

I will rappe hym thus vpon the bones
And will make hym very soore grone
But I pray thee tell mee: what is thy name.

¶ Importunytie.

Importunytie is the very same
Nues I do bryng hether for aduantage
And to tel lyes for lucre is my common vsage.

¶ Parcyalytie.

Yea, I warrand thee hee is such a felow
As is not hence to Peterborow.

¶ Iniquytie.

Tell thy name I pray thee vnto me

¶ Parcyalytie.

Syr my name is Parcyalytie
To handle the knaue I wylbe bolde,

I will make that his hart shalbe soone very cold.

¶ Iniquytie.

Of trueth you two are such honest men
As is not betwyxt thys and hell then,
But I pray thee what newes canste thou tell me
Will he come againe or no I pray thee.

¶ Importunytie.

Nay that he wyll not I dare saye
For if he do he were better naye.

¶ Parcyalytie.

What nedest thou care so longe as I am here
I wyll hym handle do thou not fere,
Blowes to geue hym I wyll not spare
He is lyke if he come full ill to fare.

¶ Iniquytie. (uaũtes

What nede I care as long as I haue such ser-
To defend me from the crueltie of that Tyrante
I warrant you my men dylygent be
That pyleburnd knaue for to destroye.

¶ Parcyalytie,

yea I warrand thee do thou not feare
We will hym so handle he shall not steare
We will hym in our snares trappe
And hym wyth a Fortayle wee wyll flappe.

¶ Importunytie.

yea and I also wyll do my parte
And wyll surely put hym to smarte,
I warrand thee I will bere hym full sore
That he shall prate here no more.

¶ Iniquytie.

yea by god and well sayde, I con you thanke
And he be thus hãdled with hym it wilbe blanke

Ha, ha,

Ha,ha,ha,ha,surely I must nedes smyle
To see how these the knaue wyll defyle
you are two as dronken knaues
As are betwene this & your owne skyns, so God
(me saue.

Parcyalytie.

Why Iniquytie,what doest thou saye?

Iniquytie.

I sayd ye were two honest men by my faye,
But surely I dyd not so thynke
No that I dyd not I sweare by thys drynke

Impoztunytie.

Now thou art dysposed to iette
Well Iniquytie I thynke it best,
To be gone out of thy companye
For here thou doest with vs but dalie.

Parcyalytie.

I warrand thee man it is not so
Is it Iniquytie how say you.

Iniquytie.

Thou prattyng foole holde thy peace
Or to laye thee on the coate I wyll not cease
I thynke thou knowest not to whom thou doest
I faith you knaue I will make you a peke (speke
A you horson I will cappe you on the scull.

Impoztunytie.

Nay be content I pray thee.

Iniquytie.

Nay that I will not verelye.

Parcyalytie.

I pray thee freind hold thy hande
Thou foole canest thou not styll stande.

¶ Iniquytie.

But syrs I pray you who is hee
That entreth hereby. ¶ Equytie entreth.

¶ Darcyaltie.

Truly I do see the same
Enquyre (I pray thee) what is hys name.

¶ Importunytie.

What is thy name freynd tell mee.

¶ Equytie.

My name I tell you is Equytie
He whych doth it obtayne blessed shalbe.

¶ Iniquytie.

Whoo, haue we more blessedg come to ỹ towne
Thou mayst go medle of clouting thy gowne
With vs thou hast nothyng to do.

¶ Importunytie.

No he hath nothyng to lay vs vnto
Therfore he were best to holde hys peace.

¶ Equytie.

Thys shall not make mee to cease
But more and more it shall geue mee a corage
To spye abe agaynst your euell vsage
your flatterynge, your hordome, & wycked actes,
your malycyousnes and euell factes.

¶ Importunytie. (doone

Nay & we haue thys a do we shall neuer haue
Thou horson knaue git thee to clout thy shoone.

¶ Iniquytie.

Nay he shall haue a better offyce then that
He shall go play wyth my mothers pusscat.

¶ Darcyaltie.

Nay that is two good for such a knaue

It

It were pytie that hee that offyce ſhuld haue
If you wilbe ruled by my councell
Let hym go puddynges for to ſell.

¶ Iniquytie.

Nay then hee wyll begyle hys mother
Whyleſt he ſelleth one he will eate another.

¶ Equytie.

Well though you do tryfle with vs thus
It wilbe to your owne dampnacyon iwys
A brother of myne was here as I harde ſaye
But with your folly you did driue him away
So I thought it good hether for to come
To turne you from your errour, o ye people dome
Without knowledge and vnderſtandynge
And yet ſo deceytfull in wycked worckynge
Saincte Paule to the Romaynes doth teſtifye
That that thyng that ſpryngeth not of Equytie
Is cleane dampnacyon and syn it ſelfe
And no remedy at all can there be found you to helpe
If that with syn you be once intangeled
From it you will neuer be conuerted
For the eyes of god ſayth the Prophyt Jeremy
Doth alwayes beholde Juſtyce and Equytie
Therfore repent & clayme fayth for your owne.

¶ Iniquytie.

Gyt thee away or I will make thee to grone
Marye if we ſuffer thee to prate here
With vs wronge wyll go thys gere.

¶ Importunytie.

Mary that it will I tell thee truly
Some meanes muſt we find to dryue him away.

¶ Partyalytie.

¶ Parcyalytie.

With vs it wil be wrong if we ſuffer him thus
Therfore he ſhalbe handled more cruelly of vs
We wyll kepe hym ſo ſtraycht in our bandes
That he ſhal not be able at vs to ſtretch his hãds

¶ Importunytie.

I will ſet hym packyng if he will not hence.
I ſhall ſo handle hym he ſhall not be worth a co-
¶ Iniquytie. (pie of pence.

And I my ſelfe wyll do my parte
I wyll ſurely put the knaue to ſmarte,
If hee wyll not go hence by fayre meanes
He is lyke at all to haue no gaynes
Therfore freind departe anone
Say thou haſt warnyng & gyt thee away ſoone

¶ Equytye.

yet for thys I wyll not departe.

¶ Iniquytie.

Wylte thou not, then will I perce thee to the
¶ Equytie. (harte.

Leaue thy great folye ientle freinde
And the wayes of god in thy doenges pretende
Seke god and on hys name call
And to hys mercy and grace alway fall
And then god wyll ſurely preſerue thee
If thou for mercye to hym wylt flee
God hath commaunded thee to loue in harte
All ſuch as ſeke thy ſoule to peruerte.
What art thou called I pray thee hartely.

¶ Iniquytie.

And wylt thou nedes know, I am Iniquytie
What haſt thou to ſay vnto mee,

If many

If manie wordes to me thou doest make
I wyll rap my dagger aboute thy pate.

¶ Parcyalytie.

Yea spare hym not if he were a kynge
Let hym haue as good as he doth brynge.

¶ Importunytie.

Make thy dagger bryght and sharpe
And then put the knaue to smarte.

¶ Iniquytie.

How saiest thou freind wilt thou git thee hence
And thou wilt not I will thee well recompence
Therfore packe whylst thou maye.

¶ Equytie

Tushe all thys shall not dryue me away,
A lytle more yet with you wyll I talke.
Or out of thys place I do walke
Good thoughtes by fayth we do obtayne
And by fayth we gyt our profyt and gayne
Through faith so many as do beleue
Prosperous thoughtes god will them geue,
As in the booke of wisdome we do rede
That the lord loketh vpon faithe & beholdeth it (indede

¶ Parcyalytie.

Well then thou wilt not gyt thee away,
Surely if thou wylt not I wyll thee slaye.

¶ Equytie.

Yet away I will not go
I haue a lytle more to say vnto you
Pryde in you is so ryfe
Horedome, crueltie, and also stryfe
God doth alway them resyste
That be proude, & to smyte thē he doth not misse

This sentence in Ecclesiasticus is
That god hyngeth the proude to noughte
And the humble man he hath out sought
In the same place also he hath declared
That god hys ryghtous men doth not regarde
He shalbe fylled with curssynges manye
That to it will cleane and stycke verelye,
In Genisys also it is founde
That our bodye is but very donge
Why then will make so much of a vaine thinge
Seing in thys worlde it hath no tarrynge
In the proverbes also found the same sentence is
That the beawtie of our carkasse but vaine & bri-
If any thynge we haue that is good (tle is
It cometh by god, and not by our noble blood
Why do you then (o you Tyrantes)
Bosse of these your cruell aplyantes?
As though you had not receyued it of Chryste
Of whom ye did receiue, o ye shall nyuer be blest.

Iniquytie.

Here is such a knaue I thynke verelye
He will not away till I cannis him welfauoredly
Ha, ha, ha, ha, I muste nedes laughe
Gyt thee away knaue and go drawe the ploughe
Well I percepue there is no remedye
If I do not bestyre my selfe I shall decaye
Well freind now I will trye a fyt wyth thee
What fence hast thou (I praye thee tell mee)
I beleiue thou canst not defende thys blowe
Nor thys nother I trowe.

Equytie.

In such vayne gaudes I do not delyghte

Nether

Nother by day nor yet by nyghte
Gyt thee away thou falſe Iniquytie
Or I will ſurely ſhunne thy companie.

¶ Parcyalytie.

Why doth he here thus ſcolde
Gyt thee away thou pylburnde Cokolde.

¶ Iniquytie.

He will not away till I ſet hym hence
Go git thee home & talke with thy wenche.

¶ Importunytie.

In your doenges you are not wyſe
you muſt ſome ſtraight way againſt hym deuyſe
Or elſ all will not be worth a ſtrawe.

¶ Iniquytie.

Gyt thee away thou hoyſon dawe.

¶ Equytie.

O ye fonde and ignorant nacyon
O deceptfull and wicked generacyon
Here you ſcorne and mocke whom god hath ſent
you care not at all for any punyſhment,
Poore people here you do defraude
Doting gods ſtocke by your gaudes,
Into eternall fyre your way is prepared
And alſo theyrs that god doth not regarde,
you haue obtayned your owne dampnacion
And for you at all there is no ſaluacyon
Except from you actes you turne
For to much againſt god you ſpurne
How will you anſwere in the day of iudgement
Without you take hede and your ſyns repent,
Except in time you do conuarte
For you there is ordayned cruell ſmarte.

¶ Parcyalytie.

Why-loe, if you thus do hym suffer
He wyll prate agaynst vs more and more
If I begyn to take hym in hande
He shall feele a more cruell bande.

¶ Importunytie.

I pray thee let vs set hym awaye
Let hym prate no longer here I you praye.

¶ Equytye.

God hath (I truste) geuen mee the grace
All my ennemies clearly to deface,
If he be on my side I care not for you all
If you were .x. thousand more both great & small
For he will surely defend hys flocke
And saue them from your deryding mocks
O flowtynge fooles and ignorante
Though you here now do mocke & play the foole
It will be hereafter to the dampnacion of youre (soule
You thinke your selues to be euen as god
When you neither knowe hym nor his ryghtfull (rod
O say you, we are clear and free
Our faultes, who can them espye?
yes, yes, god that sytteth aboue
Doth marke them all as it doth hym behoue
He but with one twinklynge of an eye
Can spye thē out if they were .x. times more then (they be
Repent therfore your faultes betime
And mercy alway of god clayme
Then he will preserue you lyke his owne childrē
And saue you from the lake that burneth w̄ brim (stoue.

¶ Iniquytie.

Ha, ha, thys fellow is to good for mee

One

One word agayne hym I dare not speke trulye
He hath so many wordes in store
Farewell, farewell, I haue neuer a one more.

¶ Partyalytie.

Nay softe Iniquytie away thou shalt not skyp
Tyll wee haue dryuen away this olde heretyke
If I once byd thee agayne gyt thee away
It shalbe thy death if I maye.

¶ Importunytie.

Indede we haue suffered hym to long to prate
He is now so bold that agaynst vs he doth crake
Gyt thee away or I will lay thee on the pate.

¶ Equytie.

If you will not amend it shalbe so
I wyll tary no longer wyth you
You wyll bynge all to hell
That consent to your councell
Except they take good hede,
You wyll so poyson them,
O ye wycked men
Repēt your actes wyth spede. ¶ Here he kneleth
O lord I hartely thee beseche downe & praieth.
Thy ryght hand to these synners soorth reache
And plucke from theyr malycyousnes
Theyr pappystry and all theyr coueytousnes
Geue to them a good and godly mynde
In theyr heades thy cōmaundements fast binde
Conuert them from theyr syn
Wherch they do wallow in
And indue them with all
Thy mercye thy grace
And let them haue the glasse
Of mercye if they call. C.iii. ¶ Iniquytie

¶ Iniquytie.

Such another godsone I dare well say
I had not betwene this and Candlemasse day
Gods blessyng my son I do thee gene
Holde thee, kepe it so longe as thou doest lyue.

¶ Pareyalytie.

Why wilt thou blesse such a knaue as he is,
Neuer of mee he shuld haue hys blysse.

¶ Importunytie.

Nor of mee nother I sware by this bread
I thought surely by this time he wold haue byn dead
And you had byn ruled by mee
He shuld neuer haue sene thys day
Thou olde knaue gyt thee away.

¶ Equytie.

God I gene thee thankes
That haste geuen mee grace
To flee these Tyrantes
In good tyme and space,
Farewell I you bydde
Let youre wayes be hydde
And saye you haue warnynge,
Leasse it bee
For your payne trulye
And bytter mournynge:
Repent in tyme all that I haue sayde
And looke that it be dylygently obayde
For no longer can I tary in your companie
you ar so full of malice & enuie. And goeth out.

¶ Iniquytie.

Ha, ha, lo maysters, lo now is he gone
I thought surely he wold not haue gon til noone

But

But the knaue was glad to take hys flyght
He durst tary no longer in my syght
By thys may you know I was a bolde man
But I wold not haue tared if he had ventred me
But so grisely vpon him I did looke (vpon
As he had bene a very Cooke.

¶ Varyalytie.

What is he flowne, whan did he go tell mee.

¶ Iniquytie.

I suppose he is not a myle hence verelie,
For hys flight he dyd but take of late
He is scant out of the gate.

¶ Importunytie.

O good Lord it is a sporte I trow
That thys knaue is gone from you
I thought he wolde not tary longe
By the platinge of hys double tonge.

¶ Iniquytie.

Nowe may I be bolde
Wyth Cokoldry to holde
And prety other gere,
I may playe the knaue
Poole, pyll and shaue
In mee there is no fere:
Seing I haue
Made thys shytten knaue
Whiche was with me so bolde,
I haue throwne downe
And pulde him by the crowne
And made hym very colde.
I wyll fere no more
Lyon, Bull nor Bore

If

If that they do come here
But will them set a packynge
Wyth my prety iestynge
And put them to great feare
I must my selfe bestyre
In my great wrath and ire
That they shall come no more
Whych haue me sore vexed
And cruelly tormented
By the malle it is full sore.

¶ Parcyalytie.

my freind Iniquytie now we leaue you behind

¶ Iniquitie.

Let vs haue a songe to refresh our mynd.

¶ Importunytie.

In that will I consent to you gladlie,
And to synge at all tymes I wyll be redye.

¶ The Songe.

LEt the knaues take hede
If they Christes flocke will fede
What doth them withstande
Or els they are lyke
Neuer to hyt the pricke
Without god set to hys hande.

¶ For them we will prepare
Such a trappynge snare
To catche them in our gyn
As the Cat the mouse
Wythin the large broade house
Where is roome inough wythin.

¶ If

¶ If they will not beware
And take hede of our snare
They are lyke full ill to fare,
To tell it we will not spare
And who hereth we do not care
We will make them so bare
As euer was the Hare.

¶ Importunytie.

Now freind farewell no longer we maye
But apace away we must flyde. (abyde

¶ Parcyalytie.

Most louynge freind Iniquytie
God haue you in his custodie.

Importunitie & Parcyalitie go both out.

¶ Iniquytie.

Well now these knaues be gone
Now am I poore soule lefte alone
I may syt here and make my mone
I must nedes wepe
But yet my teares I must nedes kepe
I can not for shame let them come oute
If I do I shall dye without doubte
No no I will kepe them in with a cloute
Now I care not and I go my waye
I will no longer tary here I saye
Hey lustyladdes, who can be more merier
I thynke in owe can be more sorrer
I lyue at myne owne pleasure
I haue euery thinge at my owne measure
To tary here I do not intende
But apace awaye I will wende
But shall I go, yea truly I will be gone,

I will fary no longer by ſweete S. John
Farewell my mayſters I commyt you to god all,
To ſaue you from the byting of the Lyon Ball.

¶ Iniquity goeth out, & the kyngs two ſeruaũtes enter.

¶ Agreable.

Q Ur labour in vayne haue we loſte
For our Lord & kyng is not in this choſte

¶ Preparatus.

I pray thee hartely be not angry
Becauſe he is not in thys entry,
He will be here anone as I ſuppoſe
Surely my eyes do dyſcloſe
If yonder I do not ſee hym commynge.

¶ Agreable.

It ſhulde be hee by the noyſe makynge
Thou haſt made mee now very glad
Where before I was very ſad
It is I ſuppoſe verely
Loe yonder come ſuch a companie
yonder he is with the Lordes of hys Chiualry.

¶ Preparatus

Let vs fayne ſome fable of olde
And to tell it the kynge be we bolde.
What was the cauſe we were here hym before.

¶ Agreable.

That will I do very gladlye
I conſent to it with all the harte in my bodye,

¶ The kynge wyth hys Councell enter.

Lorde ſaue thy grace gentle kynge.

¶ Preparatus.

¶ Preparatus.

We salute thee with much gretynge.

¶ King Darius.

what was the cause you came hether so quickly.

¶ Ambo.

We had a lytle busines hetherward verely.

¶ Kyng Darius.

My Lordes seing hether we be come
We must consent to one thynge & see it be done.

¶ Ambo consul:

What is it syr that you do intende
To vs declare (I pray you) your mynde,
And fulfylled without doubte it shalbe.

¶ King Darius.

A feaste wolde I gladly make
If the paynes with me you will take
I intend to haue here of straungers a company.

¶ Perplexitie.

Syr it shalbe as you will
We are content your mynde to fulfyll.

¶ Curyosytie.

I will do (o kynge) as mee shall behoue
And from your preceptes I will not moue.

¶ Kyng Darius.

Then my seruauntes come stand before mee
And herken to that whych I shall say to ye
Let all thynges be prepared quyckly
Let all this be done without remedy
See there lacke nothing when they be here
And let them not spare to eat of this our chere

¶ Preparatus.

Syr it shalbe done as you haue cõmaũded me.

And from this your preceptes I will not flee,

¶ Agreable.

In thys also will I consente
And will be redy to do youre commaundemente.

¶ Kynge Darius.

Well go forward and bringe them hether
And byd them all come together
My Lords how thynke you it best.

¶ Perplexitie.

By that tyme syr your place will be intercast.

¶ Curyosytie.

Syr your preceptes are all iuste
you may do euen as you iuste.

¶ Kynge Darius.

Well syrs go hence quyckly
And byd them come hether wyth ye.

¶ Ambo.

Syr it shalbe done as you haue sayde
your commaundyment it shalbe obayde.

¶ Preparatus & Agreable go both oute.

¶ Kynge Darius.

Hy you and make much haste
And byd them come of our fare to taste
I suppose they wyll be here by and by.

¶ Ambo consulto.

yonder cometh a very greate companie.

¶ Kynge Darius.

Those be they as farre as I can deme
Are they not, how thynke you then
Well, if they do, welcome shall they bee,
I wolde be glad to see them in my companye
Come in syrs and do not spare.

¶ Perplexitie.

¶Perplexitie.

Come in why do you feare.

¶Curyosytie.

I warrant you, approche you nere.

¶Aethiopia, Percia, Juda and Media enter.

¶Aethiopia.

God saue thy grace ientle kynge
I do salute thee with much gretynge.

¶Percya.

Jesu preserue thee alwaye
And saue thee from thy ennemies for euer & aye.

¶Juda.

O sweete kynge, god saue thy grace,
And send thee myght thy ennemies to deface.

¶Medya.

God geue thee of thy aduersaries the victorye,
And defend thee from all malyce and enuye.

¶Kyng Daryus.

Welcome syrs of trueth you are
To thys our poore and symple fare
But thanke god and prayse hys name
Whych to vs dyd send thys same.

¶Perplexitie.

Syt downe and make no more a do
And eate that whych is set before you.

¶Curiositie. ¶They syt downe all.

Come thanke the kyng for the meates here
And to eate of them do not you fere.

¶Media.

Syr we thanke you hartelye
To eate of thē we will not spare I warrant you.

¶ Aethiopia.

The kyng and you also thanke wee do
Which to this banket hath called vs to.

¶ Perciya.

For thys moste harty thankes we do you geue,
And pray to god that longe you may lyue.

¶ Juda.

We reuerent thee with fauour great
For this thy foode and precyous meat.

¶ kyng Darius.

Well, eate and do not spare
But thanke the Lord for this his fare.

¶ Omnes.

We thanke hym and you also.

¶ Ambo consul:

Eate and make no more a do.

¶ Omnes.

I warrant you, you nede not byd vs
Here will none be lefte if we eate thus.

¶ kyng Darius.

Care not for that I pray you hartely,
But to eate it I pray you do not spare you.

¶ Juda. ¶ They rise from meate.

God rewarde thee three folde agayne
Whych thou hast here taken in payne.

¶ Aethiopia.

God double thy goods more and more
And in thy nede sende thee great store.

¶ Perciya.

Of corne and Cattell hee will the increase
And to multyply thee hee will not cease.

¶ Medis.

Thyse double surely god will thee rewarde.

Seing

Seyng to feede the poore thou hast had regard.

¶Curyosytye.

Syrs much good do it you all
Upon the bonge be you bolde to call
If any thing you lacke that he hath in store
you shall haue it all other before.

¶Kyng Darius.

yes, be bolde to call vpon mee
In wealth or wo, or in your mysterie
For nothynge of me you shall lacke trulie.

¶Omnes.

Syr we geue harty thankes to you.

¶Juda.

Wyll you be gone out of thys place
Come (I pray you) let vs go a pace.

¶Percya.

We will be gone (bie and bye) very gladly.

¶Aethiopia.

Then let vs go, and make no more a do.

¶Media.

In that also will I consent to you.

¶Omnes.

God saue thy grace and send thee longe lyfe
And saue thee euer from all stryfe.

¶Aethiopya, Percya, Juda and Medys goo all out.

¶Kyng Daryus.

God prosper your iourney & send you good lucke
And from your ennemyes all you plucke.

¶Curyosytie.

Lorde what do you now intende,

Wyll

Will you home to your owne Choste wende.

¶Perplexytie.

Syr it is best to be done so
And we together wyll go wyth you.

¶Kynge Daryus.

I wyll go wyth you very gladly
With all the harte within my body.

¶They go out, & Iniquytie cōmeth in syngyng.

¶Iniquytie.

LA, soule, soule, fa, my, re, re.
I misse a note I dare well say
I shuld haue byn low when I was so hie
I shall haue it ryght anone verely
How now mayster, how fare you now
How do you synce I was laste with you?
Where are these knaues they come not away
I beleiue I see them comyng theyr way

¶Importunytie & Parcyalytie enter.

Come away and be nought a whyle
Or surely I will you both defyle.

¶Parcyalytie.

Gramercys my olde freinde Iniquytie.

¶Importunytie.

What Peter pynchfyste how goeth the world (with thee.

¶Iniquytie.

what John Coppersmith otherwise called the (Butterstie
I perceiue by your cōmunication
you sprange both of lyke foundacion.

¶Importunytie.

No that we did not by the blessed Trynitie.

¶Parcyalytie.

Darevalytie.

What doth he say(I pray thee tell mee.)

Impoztunytie.

He saith we came both of one issue
No brother,that did we not I tell you
Of no base stocke were we borne
Our fathers did neuer plowe corne,
They had more better kyppynges then that
When other lacked,they were very fat.

Darevalytie.

My father ywisse was of a noble blood
And had great landes,with all other good
Cattell he had also,he was of such a fame
To tell thee a lye, surely I were to blame.

Iniquytie.

Nay,if you begyn of your fathers to bost
I wil tel you wher my father dwelleth & in what (thost,
I thinke he came of as noble a blood
Is yours,and yet neither of them good,
In Rome he dwelleth,that is his cõmon place,
Where all other bowe before hys face,
All Nations to hym do obaye
And neuer agayne hym a proude word dare saye
I warrant you hys Landes are very greate
He doth poule poore men & lyueth by theyr sweat
He hath as much landes I warrant you
As lyeth betwene thys & southhãpton I tell you
Euery house that standeth betwene thys & that
Are his,by my trouth I say I care not what.

Impoztunytie.

Thy father is not to be compared to myne
Truly I wold I were of that kynne,

I wolde surely spend the clothes of my backe
Of that condicion I were of such another stocke.

¶ Darcyalytie.

It is but a lye that he doth thee tell,
I warrant thee and that I can tell,
Thynkest thou he colde haue so much good
Withoute he hath powled Christian blood.

¶ Importunytie.

Why man, he sayd he was the Pope.

¶ Darcyalytie.

If he were here I wold hange hym w a roope.

¶ Iniquytie.

Why doest thou my father dysprayse?
Gyt thee away, or I will thee displease.

¶ Darcyalytie.

Why, thou sayest the Pope is thy father,

¶ Iniquytie.

So good as hee is thou wylt be neuer
All at hys commaundement are
And agaynst not to moue they dare,
Tell me now, how do you lyke hym
you thynke I was but of a base kyn
Thou knaue he will bynge thee in awe
And yet by hym I do not set a strawe.

¶ Importunytie.

I good chyld in the meane tyme thou arte.

¶ Iniquytie.

Tush tush, I set not by hym a farte,
But (I pray thee) who is that I see here
He hath now put mee to great fere,
I will be gone, I wyll not tary here.

¶ Importunytie.

¶ Importunytie.

Nay thou shalt not yet be gone
Let hym if he will in hether come.

¶ Here entreth Equytie.

¶ Parcyalytie.

Why-it is he that was here before
We bad thou shuldest come here no more.

¶ Equytie.

Wyll not yet thys gere be amended
Nor your synfull actes corrected,
O false people and ignorant secte
Which to god at all hath no respecte,
Will you forsake syns all at once
In numbre they are more then the hayle stones,
Except you repent in tyme with spede
God wyll you destroy in very dede,
In Eclesyasticus thys sentence is
That god hath the proud of no reputacyon iwis
The lyke sentence is in the gospell of saynt Luke
That god putteth the proude to great rebuke,
He scattereth them that are proude of harte
And in theyr pryde he will them peruarte
The apostle Peter doth also report (their part
That god doth resist the proud, & wil neuer take
he throweth downe also thē ẏ ar of a hauty mind
And doth exalt the poore that be pure and kynd
In Genisis it is breifly declared
Of what mettell our body was made (presse
It was made of donge, the same place dooth ex-
Also of earth and asshes it was made doubtlesse
The bewty is but vayne of it.

 ¶ Iniquytie.

¶ Iniquytie. (my ſpyt,
Git thee away, or I wil thruſt thee through w
But tell mee (I pray thee) what is thy name.

¶ Equytie.

Equytie ſyr is the ſame.

¶ Iniquytie.

Equytie, then were kynſmen we bee.

¶ Equytie.

I diſdayne to be aquaynted with thee.

¶ Iniquytie.

A horſon doeſt thou diſpraiſe mee
That Prepoſition In, is a peſtilent fellow
For it is that maketh this variance betwene me
My name is called Iniquytie, (& you
And thy name is called mayſter Equytie

¶ Importunytie.

If that thou ſuffre hym here to prate,
I will tary no longer within thys gate.

¶ Carepalytie.

I wyll tary no longer with thee,
Farewell my olde freind Iniquytie.

¶ Iniquytie. ¶ They go both out.

Ah you horſon knaues will you nedes go away
Take two knaues with you by my fayth,
But Tom Narrow noſe thou wylt not go.

¶ Equytie.

No, I will not yet go from you
I wolde ſome more of my brethren were here.

¶ Iniquytie.

Thy brethren be in Newgate do not fere.

¶ Equytie.

O wycked Detestacyon,

O wicked Imagynation
O leaue your old fashion
And flee from synne,
Call to Chryst
The Lord most hyest
To saue you from Antichryst
And hys papystical lyne.
Here I was of late
But you dryue me out of the gate
Through youre wycked crake
And euill waye,
Except you call for grace
And repent in space
And all your syns deface
God will you destroye.
I thinke I see
A great companie
Cõmyng toward this place,
I thinke god hath them sent
Thee to tormẽt Here entreth Con-
Before my face. stancy & Charytie.
Welcome my brethren both
Welcome I say forsooth
As much as harte can thynke.

Iniquytie.

Nay then I perceyue
I must take my leue
Or you will make me wynke,
When so many come
I must away ronne
That I must by this drynke.

Constancy.

What is the matter

Tell mee good brother
Or thou farther goo.

¶Charytie.

And eke to mee
Tell the verytie
What is the cause also.

¶Iniquytie.

Shall I tell the matter
Two dyshes maketh a platter,
But yet I wyll tary.

¶Constancie.

Now thou doest me mocke
And also doest flout
Therfore gyt thee awaye
Or I wil set thee out of my cõpa-
That I will(I say.) (nie

¶Equytie.

Brother Constancye
And eke brother Charytie
with mo he plaieth vngraciously
And hath me almoste defyed
With his flatery
And his eupll company
Also with hys enuy
Hath me begyled.

¶Constancy.

We will fynde a remedy
For that cruell enymy
Or euer it be longe,
We will him so handle
Hee shall not be able
At vs to moue hys tonge.

¶Charytye.

¶ Charytie.

To that I consent also
And will do my parte with you
To dryue hym away.

¶ Iniquytie.

Nay that you shall not
Peter turneup
yet git me away,
Who shuld here remayne
But Iniquity (I tel thee playne)
For thee I will not hence,
But for thy pratynge
And great bostynge
I will thee recompence.
Haue here Tom
A pece of a brasse pan
Go cary it to thy mother,
Tell her that I saye
Thou shalt haue no more of me
And if thou wert my brother.
And here Nyck Candlestycke,
Here is for thee a fygge
No better thynge I haue,
Thy mother go to tell
Thy fygge go to sell
Do so as god me saue.
And here John Puddingmaker
Here is for thee a taper
With a payre of beades,
Thou shalt haue no better
Without thou wilt haue a fetter
To fetter on thy legges.

He casteth at Constācye.

At Charytye.

At equitye.

Of

Of truethy now you may gyt you a packynge
Because that I gaue eyther of you such a thynge
But tell me thys one thyng (I pray you hartelie)
What is the thynge you will geue to mee.

¶ Constancy.

Thou foole if thou thynke it good
Holde thy peace and bost not thus of thy blood
The Scriptures to thee they dyd showe
How thou shouldest fere god, and of him stand in
But thou doest here by thy riotous liuing (awe
By thy iesting, thy sporting, & also thy mocking
Flout and deryde Chrystyan folke.

¶ Iniquytie.

Why man it is yelowe.

¶ Constancie.

What is yelowe (I pray thee tell mee
For me thynke thou doest flout daylie.

¶ Iniquytie.

Why you wold haue the yolke of an egge.

Constancie.

O thou false feinde
Thy lyfe amende
And god will thee sende
Hys mercy and grace
That thou mayest with loue
As it shall thee behoue
Syt in heauen aboue
Before hys glorious face.

¶ Equytie.

He doth here but mocke
And spoyle Chrystes flocke
Full cruelly.

He dooth

He doth deryde and scorne
These þ were Christians borne
Full greuously to see.

¶ Charytie.

By his cõmunycation
He came of an ill foundacyon
I dare be bolde to saye.

¶ Iniquytie.

Thou pouchmouth knaue
Thou shalt strypes haue
If thou gyt thee not away.

¶ Equytie.

Thou foolysh fellow
Why doest thou dallye
And here vs blaspheame.

¶ Iniquytie.

Holde thy peace
thou shalt haue a melle of pease
Or els a dyllye of creame.

¶ Constancy.

Wylt thou not yet
Leaue thy cruell spyte
And soore blaspheamousnes.
Leue thy pryde
And do exceade
In doenge of goodnes.
I wyll declare to thee
Places of scrypture manie
Before my brethren here
Lysten I pray thee
Intendyng to obay mee
Harke with thy eare.

God doth you abhoze
All other befoze
Which woxke so vngracyously
Except you repent
And your syns lament
He will you dystroy.

¶Charytye.

Syzit is true
you haue hym tolde,
To say thys befoze you
I will be bolde, (ment
Moze easyer will it be conserning punish-
To sodom & gomer in the day of indgment
Then it will be foz thee
To enter into heauen berelie
Therfoze quyckly amende
And say that thou hast warnynge.

¶Iniquytie.

Thou knaue I thee defye
I set not by thee a flye
Therfoze gyt thee away,
Oz I wyll thee displease
Much agaynst thy ease
If thou longe do staye.

¶Equytie.

I pray thee good fellow be content
And harken to my brothers intent.

¶Iniquytie.

Why man thou art my cosin I know thee
(of olde.

¶Equytie.

Thou wert not best to be to bolde
To be acquaynted with thee I dysdayne,

Without

without to gods law thou wilt thy self go traine

¶Charytie.

Syr you speake well
Now somewhat wyll I tell
To conuert hym to god.

¶Iniquytie.

Nay by the roode.

¶Constancie.

O thou false Iniquytie
We must distroy thee
God hath put vs in mynde.

¶Iniquytie.

Nay but go you & leaue mee behynde.

¶Charytie.

I pray you a lytle
Let vs tell hym the tytle
Of Gods eternall grace.

¶Constancye.

Come freind and go
I can tary no longer with you.

¶Iniquytie.

No by the masse that I will not
Fyrst I will lay thee on the cote
By gogs wounds haue at thy head
Defend it now & I wil geue the an egge.

¶Constancy.

Leaue thy swearynge
Thy mockyng thy tauntynge
And all thy other game,
God hath prepardе
For those a rewardе
That do blaspheame hys name.

The Prophet Zachary
Dyd see (I tell thee)
A booke in the ayre,
Twenty Cubyts length
Ten cubyts bredth
Being for them prepared
That falsly do
Sweare his neighbour vnto
And doth not god regarde.
Mathew also doth say
Cursed be they alway
That swere by any thynge,
By hell or heauen ywysse
Because in the powre it is
Of that heauenly kynge.
At all thou shalt not sweare
By thy head nor yet thy eare
But of god stand in feare.

¶ Iniquytie.

You do hym well instructe
To god hym to conducte
But all is in vayne,
Hys brytle nature
And his auncyent stature
Doth styll in hym remayne.

¶ Charytie.

Such a froward fellow
I do assure you
I dyd neuer seee,
Therfore I pray thee
Without any remedy
To God for mercy flee.

¶ Iniquytie.

Iniquytie.

Hence you horson knaues
I wold you were in your graues
Then shuld I be at reste,
To cast mee away
Without any delay
I holde it best.
Farewell by my trouth
I must go to the south
To seeke my fortune,
Farewell agayne I say
I must go my way
My mother is within.

Constancy.

Nay softe I pray thee
Away thou shalt not flee
Tyll I haue tolde thee more,
Geue eare a whyle
And harken to the style
That I dyd show before.

Iniquytie.

I will not tarry
Farewell gentle Hary
I cõmyt thee to god.

Charytie.

Nay yet softe
Away thou shalt not haste
Tyll thou haue a sharper rod.

Equytie.

Wylt thou not regard
The Lord nor hys reward
Nor hym obay at all,
For thy wyckednes

Flee to god
And his iust rod
And leaue thy enterpryce.
God turne thy mynde
And saue thee from the feind,
Because thou wilt not amend
Thou shalt go hence
For thy offence
Thy follye to lamente.

¶Iniquytie.

Nay then I wil geue you no bread and butter
Here take some it will make thee to scutter
I will call my mother, let mee alone
Of trouth she wyll make thee to grone
Shee is such a pestilent woman
As is not hence to our Lady of Balan,
Shee will make thee repent that thou doest say
and make the forfere take thy heles & run away
Take heede how thou comest in her hande
If thou do thou shalt neuer come out of her hãd.

¶Constancye.

Go get thee awaye and make no more a do
For if you wyll not, I will compell you.

¶Charytie.

you do well, Gods blessynge on youre harte,
We wyll surely put hym to smarte.

¶Equytie.

That is ryght and iuste for to do
In the whych dede I consent to you.

Here sombody must cast eye to Iniquytie.

¶Constancye.

For thy wyckednes thou shalte haue thys,

As

As thou hast deserued for thy doinges ywylle
Gyt thee away and tary not here.

¶Iniquytie.

Nay I go to the deuil I fere. *Goeth out.*

¶Constancie.

Praysed be god
That wyth hys rod
Whych is vpryght,
Hath thys man dystroyed
And clene abhorred
In his malyce and spyte.

¶Equytie.

My harte is as glad
As though riches I had
That Myda did possesse,
Both corne and frute
Nothing destytute
Of abounDant excesse.

¶Charytie.

Prayse we god aboue
With feare and loue
Which hath plucked him away
Let vs I praye you
Prayse hym and magnyfy
For euer and aye.

¶Constancie.

To that I consent
With my full intent
To laude the Lord,
Which from errour hath
Vs all saued
By hys precyous word:

But god

But God will preserue
Them alway fro harme
That in hym do truste,
So that they will
Truste in hym styll
And not in theyr froward lust.
Let vs therfore synge
Joyfully it tunynge
Our Lord god to prayse,
Which doth his defende
And grace them sende
To walke in a godly way.

¶ Charytie.

To it I will consent
With my harte wholly bent
To synge to hym laude.

Equytie.

So will I gladlye
Synge wyth you
To the prayse of god.

¶ The Songe.

Synge wee together
Both now and euer
To praise the Lord our king,
Which hath vs saued
From the cruell hatred
And from his flatterynge.

And hath hym subuerted
And also tormentid
To hys great payne,

Which was so euill
More wicked then the Deuill
To flatter and dyssayne.

But now he is gone
Of hys wickednes is left none
But it is flyt away cleane,
So is hys errour
Hys malyce and terrour
To hys dampnacyon and payne.

¶Constancy.
Let vs be gone out of thys place.

¶Charytie.
Come I pray you let vs go a pace.

¶Equytie.
Let it be so as you do say
And let vs go together away
We will go come I pray you.

¶Constancye.
We will go gladly wyth you.

¶Charytie,
Come let vs go & make no more a do.

They go out & the kyng entreth & sayth.

MY Seruantes where be you.
Come hether quyckly to mee.

Preparatus & agreable enter.

¶Ambo.
At your commaundement we bee
What is your will to say vs vnto.

¶Kyng Darius.
Go call my Lordes hether to mee.

¶Agreable.

¶ Agreable.

It shalbe done as you haue sayd to mee.

¶ Preparatus.

What so euer you do cõmaund mee
To doit euer wyll I dylygent bee.

¶ Kyng Darius.

Go then foorth quickly & make no more a
But bid them come in hast me vnto. (do

¶ Ambo.

Syr god haue you in his custody
Wee will go fetche them hether to you.

They go out, & Anagnostes & Optimates (enter.

¶ Optimates.

GOD saue thy grace gentle Kinge
I salute thee with much gretynge.

¶ Kyng Darius.

Thys is the cause wherfore and why,
That I sent for you hether to mee.

¶ Optymates.

What is the cause? (I pray you vs tell)
And if we can we will it fulfyll.

¶ Kyng Darius.

They that in my chamber me do kepe
Cõmoned together whyliste I was a slepe
At last I waking & herynge they murmoryng
How they talked theyr matter conserynge,
They stryue amonge them selues together
Euery man to say a weyghtier matter thẽ the o-
And he that the best can speake (ther
Without fraude or without dysceyte
Shalbe rewarded with much good

With cattayle also and with food
The wrytinges they did delyuer to mee
That I might reade them ouer all three
Reade it to your selfe I pray you.

Optymates.

Syr you say very well.

Anagnostes.

I wyll reade the writinges to you wythout (faple
Lysten I pray you vnto mee,
Then you shall know the effecte of them all three
Whose sayenges is found the best and true
With great good kynge Darpus shall him indue
He shall haue the ornamentes that here followe
And the other lese all though theyr great follye
He shalbe endued with purple and golde
And with golden cuppes also not olde
A Charyot hee shall haue with golden wheles
The body therof made with steele
And nert to kyng Darpus shall syt
For hys Eloquence and goodly wyt,
He shalbe the kynges sampyer freinde
And shall syt by hym to hys lyfe ende,
The sentence of the fyrste man is thys
Wyne a very stronge thynge is,
The second also I will declare to you
That the kyng is stronger then any other thyng
The thyrde also I will declare (verely.
Women (sayth hee) is the strongest of all
Though by women we had a fall.
Theyr myndes now I dyd you tell
But aboue all thynges trueth doth most excell.

Kyng Darpus.

Now let them be called hether Let

Let them come in together
Come syrs tary no longer there
But before vs do appere.
Tell by mouth the effecte of them
And to vs showe of them the meane.

Stipator primus, Stipator secũdus & Zorobabell enter.

¶ Omnes.

Salue vir ornatissime

O kynge we salute thee.

¶ Kyng Darius.

Declare your sentences here by mouth
As you haue shewed them by rote.

¶ Stipater primus.

O men is not wyne very stronge
It doth deceyue the very tonge
Of it indede somewhat I dyd speake before
But now in my memorye I haue a lytle more.

¶ Inagnostes.

Well say what thou art able
But see that it be no vayne fable.

¶ Optymates.

Go forewarde in your matter and do it tell.

¶ Kyng Darpus.

Gods blessing on youre hart you say very well,
Tell vs now what thou hast to say.

¶ Stipator primus.

The vnderstandyng it taketh away
And maketh him careless and mery (I saye)
No heauynes at all it maketh hym remember
That dryncketh it, (I do not dyssemble,)
It maketh a man to thynke also

That the thing which he goeth aboute to do
Is good and honest, whereas it is not so
He neuer hath memory of any thinge
It maketh him forgett that he is a kynge
Nor that he doth gouerne or is in authority
And hath al thynges in hys custody
And when they are together drynkynge
They do not remēber amity nor any other thing
But as soone as dronken they are
To slay theyr freind they do not spare (to hit
Out they draw theyr sword they care not where
Thus wine maketh men to haue a small wyt:
And when from the wyne they are layd downe
They can not tell afore what they had done,
Judge now is not wyne the strongest
Which maketh men vnwyttie and vnhonest
Hath it not a very great strengthe
That causeth these to be done at lengthe.

¶ kyng Darius.

Well now holde thy tonge (I pray thee,)
Let the nexte tell his tale to mee.

¶ Magnates.

Do as the kynge hath thee cōmaunded.

¶ Optimates.

Let it be so as they haue thee byd.

¶ Satrapes Secūdus.

I did to you declare
And now I will not spare
To tell my matter to you,
The kynge is very stronge
And all are in hys hande,
That in hys realme continew

All

All do hym obaye
Without any delaye
That dwell in hys Choftes
He hath Armyes greate
Corne, cattayle and meate
And eke haboundant Hoftes.
How say you, is not he the ftrongeft
which doth conquer, & gouerne both man & beaft
The Land the Sea and euery other thyng:
Then ftrongeft is verily the kynge,
For he hath dompnion ouer them all
Both man and beaft are at hys call,
And what he cõmaundeth that is done
If he fend them to war they are quyckly gone,
They breake downe hills and towers
And flay alfo hyer powers:
They them felues are flayne alfo
Beyonde hys worde they dare not go,
If that they get the byetorye
They bringe it to the kynge by and by.
And lykewyfe they that tyll the grounde
when they it reap, they bryng it to the king round
Trybute to the kynge they reftore,
All to hym they bringe both leffe and more,
If hee byd them go to kyll
They go aboute it with a good wyll,
If he cõmaunde them to forgeue
They do it, and theyr cares releiue,
If he byd them go and fmyte
They go aboute it, and care not where they hyt,
If he cõmaund them to dryue away
They do it without delay.

If

If hee commaund them for to build
They do it, and their labour to him yelde.
If he do byd them for to breake
They do it, and that with much wreake.
If to plante he do commaunde them
They go aboute it lyke obedyent men.
The cõmon people and rulers also
Are obedyent to him where so euer they go,
And the kyng sitteth downe in the meane while
Eatyng and drynkyng, and takyng hys wyll,
All to the kynge must obaye
And leaue hys owne busynes vndone alwaye
Judge, is not the kyng the strongest nowe.

¶ Kyng Darius.

Now tell thy tales vnto
Stand together you two aside
For of your purpose you are both wyde.

¶ Magnostes.

Declare to vs I pray you now.

¶ Optymates

In your two sentenses there is no effecte
To them at all we haue no respecte.

¶ Zorobabell.

The kynge is myghty and behement
And wine also well spent,
yet of a woman I take in hande
And in thys sentence my fayth shall stande
It is not the kynge with hys myghty hoste
That ruleth and gouerneth in euery Cyoste
Nor it is not wyne that doth excell
But to you the trueth I will tell,
A woman I suppose it is

That

That ouer these hath domynyon ywysse
Hath not the woman borne the kynge
And eke euery naturall thynge
Hath not women brought them vp all
The Vyneyardes wheron wyne dooth fall
They make garmentes for all creatures
So that they be of humayne statures
These can not come without women
Therfore the honour we must geue to them
If they possesse syluer or precyous golde
Theyr hartes are soone very colde
If they see a woman welfauoured
They forsake theyr golde ẏ they haue gathered
And theyr eyes are bent vpon
Theyr harte and mynde on that woman
And haue more loue her vnto
Then to theyr golde it is true
He leaueth his father that brought hym vp
Hys mother also that gaue him sucke
He forsaketh also his country natyue
With that woman all his lyfe to lyue,
With the woman also he ieoberdith his lyfe
He regardeth neither father nor mother, & alfor
By this then nedes must you know (his wife,
That women haue domynion ouer you.
Dooth it greue you that I do tell ye
Well, well, it shall not greue mee
A man his sworde out dooth take
To go and steale he is not slacke
To robbe and to sayle vppon the Sea
To murther and kyll he is prompte alway
And when he hath stollen and also robbed

He bringeth to hys Lemon with a good corage
Agayne a man loueth hys wyfe
Better then he dyd his parentes in hys lyfe
Many one in earth there is
That loueth his wyfe wondrous well ywisse,
Out of theyr wyts also they do run
And bond slaues for their wiues sake are become
Perysshed also many haue
And are become Sathans bond slaue
Many also are fallen into syn
And all throughe the cause of women,
Beleue me now if you wyll
your myndes I will by and by fulfyll
I know a kyng whych is great in powre
And all lands stād in dread of him at this howre,
No man vpon hym dare lay hand
Nor at any tyme may hym withstand
yet did I see with mine owne eyes
Upon the douhter of kynge Bartacus
The kynges Concubyne she was truly
Of the kynges ryght hand she sat I tell ye
And the crowne from his head tooke
And on her head dyd it pute,
And with her left hand hym strucke
Moreouer the kyng looked vpon her
And durst say nothing(he was in such fere,
If shee laughed vpon him,he also dyd laughe
But if she at him waxed wrothe
The kyng was fayne her for to flatter (fauour,
And spake hér fayre til he had gotten againe her
O ye men,is not women the greatest of myghte
O thou earth thou art very great

The

The heauen hye with all,
Thou canst worke these preaty feates
That doth contracte them all.
Swyfte is the course of the Sunne
The moone the starres also,
Whych in the day theyr course do runne
Wyth Planets other mo.
He fetcheth his course rounde aboute
The compas of one day,
The starres, the moone, and eke the night
Theyr compasse do not staye.
He then is very excelente
That causeth thys to be done,
Whych sytteth aboue the fyrmament
Wythin hys holy throne.
But great is the trueth and of good effect
And to ỹ we must haue a diligent respect
The earth doth tremble & quake at it ỹwis
And no vngodly thynge in it founde is,
Wyne is an vnryghteous thynge,
Unryghteous also is the synge,
Women are become vnryghteous also
And no goodnes at all can they do,
The chyldren of god are vnrygteous all
As well the great as is the small,
The workes also that they go aboute
Is vnryghteous without any doubte,
In that vnryghteousnes they shall decaye
And perysh also, (it is true that I saye,)
In the effecte of that is no vnryghteous thynge
No crafte, no polycy, nor no lesynge,
Therfore let vs clayme it for our owne

And let it depely in vs be sowne,
Blessed be thou the god of trueth
Let thy trueth be in euery mans mouth.

¶ Optimates.

O it is a great trueth that thou hast vs tolde
To aske of the kynge what thou wilt be ꝑ bolde
Thy sentence is great and very curyous
And to vs at all it is not greuous.

¶ Anagnostes.

Aske thy rewarde now I pray thee
And thou shalt haue it geuen to thee.

¶ Kyng Darius.

Thou hast won of these the victorye
Thou shalt haue it rewarded to thee
Aske what thou wylt I will thee it geue
& thou shalt be my freind as long as thou doest (liue,
Thou shalt be my familyer freind
And liue with me to thy liues ende,
Besydes these that are wrytten here,
Thou shalt be contentyd for thys gere.

¶ Zorobabell.

Remember now thy promyse
Made to mee of late,
Let it now fulfylled bee
In reasonable rate.
Whych thou promysed vnto mee
When thou camest into thy kingdome
Lord let that now graunted bee
With reasonable fredome.
Jerusalem thou dydst promyse
To buylde vp euery whyt,
And all that therin were amysse

Restore

Before agayne to it.
Send agayne the Vessels all
The Juels that were taken,
As well the greate as ehe the small
Which were cruelly taken.
Of Cyrus also seperated
When in Babylon he offered (gaine
Thy mind was to build the Temple a
which the Edomits brent wout faine
When Jerusalem was peruerted
And greuously tormented
And of the Cauldies deiected
That o kynge I do desyre
And with my whole harte do it requyre
Performe thy bowe therfore
Whych thou hast promysed heretofore.

¶ Kyng Darius.

I prayse thee wonderous well
thou shalt haue that which before I did thee (tell.

¶ Zorobabell.

Now syr we must departe awaye
God haue you all in his custodye I saye.

Stipator primus, Stipator secūdus & Zorobabell go out.

¶ Kyng Darius.

God prosper your iourney & send you good sue-(ces
And saue you frō your ennemies harmles
Do you intend to tary here.

¶ Optimates.

What is your will to do
I pray you tell it vs vnto.

¶ Anagnostes.

Gladly syr wolde wee go awaye,

To tary here wee will not delaye.

Kyng Darius.

Come then let vs go hence (I pray you.)

Ambo.

We are content so to do.

Here they go out, and then entreth Constancy saying as it were a Soliloquio.

YOu haue harde here good people of late
Of three ponge men, their saiengs by rote
By mouth they did recite I think you haue hard
How the flaterers were cruelly abhord (ywis
Two there were Stipators they may be called
They wēt about by flatery, but yet they did mis
But Constancy is a thynge moste suer
In it nothinge vncleane, but all very puer,
The thyrde Zorobabell by name,
Dyd remayne in constancye and kepe the same,
The sayenge I suppose you do vnderstand
yet to showe you agayne I will take in hand
The one declareth the strength of wyne,
How it doth deceyue the frealty of the brayne.
The second also dooth expresse
That the kyng had the most strength doubtlesse
But wicked men they be, and also flaterers
They may wel ynough be called Stipators.
Then the thyrde the trueth to tell dyd begyn
The victory of them all he dyd wyn,
He remayned in Constancye and was still wyse
As for flatery styll he dyd dyspyse,
Thus haue you harde the effecte of all
How that for theyr lyes they haue got a fall.

Here entreth Equity & Charity. Pray

Pray we to god the Lord of myght
That he wold send downe his cleare syght
To Queene Elyzabeth & send her his worde
That from her enmenyes she may be restorde,
Let vs also pray that shee longe may lyue,
And that to her subiectes true precepts she may
¶ Equyty & Charyty. (gyue.
For the Councellours also let vs pray
That in the true fayth derecte them he may,
And that also grace he wolde them geue
To geue councell wysely wile in earth they liue.
(Amen.)

¶ The Songe.

LEt the trueth, let the trueth
Be in euery mans mouth
Both ponge and olde,
Let hym be bolde
With trueth to holde,
Leaste they perysh
Lyke Hogges swynysh
And vtterly decaye.

Then he shalbe sure
Longe to endure
Abyde in earth
And from the dearth
God will kepe hys harte
Also from punyshment
And from cruell iudgement
For euer and for aye.

The Storye of kyng Daryus.

In Constancye remayne
Let no venome you stayne
But flee it quyte
And the ryght way hyt
Spurne not agaynst the prycke
But be humble and meke
And for grace seke
To the lyuynge god I saye.

Finis.

S. John Euangeliste.

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King Darius
The story of King Darius

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